

All Nerves.

Many people say they are "all nerves," easily startled or upset, easily worried and irritated. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just the remedy such people require. They restore perfect harmony of the nerve centres and give new nerve force to shattered nervous systems.

JUST BE GLAD.

BY JAMES WHITEHEAD RILEY.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so! What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you know! What we've met of stormy pain, And of sorrow's driving rain, We can better meet again, If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour We have known, When the tears fell with the shower, All alone—

Were not shine and shadow bright As the gracious Master meant? Let us temper our content With His own.

For we know, not every morn'g Can be sad: So, forgetting all the sorrow We have had, Let us fold away our fears, And put by our foolish tears, And through all the coming years Just be glad.

—S. H. Review.

Dominion Parliament.

(Continuation of last week's letter.)

Ottawa, April 20th.

PREMIER ROSS CONDEMNED. The way Ross the Ontario premier thought to make light of this was properly characterized by Bennett, who quoted the Montreal Witness, a paper supporting the government. "If," says the Witness, "a government treats such affairs as this as a matter of no consequence, it is certainly losing its moral perception, and will soon forfeit the confidence of right thinking people." The leaders of the opposition charged the minister as responsible for this circular. He had admitted his responsibility for the Ote circular sent out in French marked "confidential," calling for returns respecting French nationality and French families, and the object of which clearly is to overweigh the returns and to increase the unit in Quebec with the view of lowering the representation from Ontario and the other English-speaking provinces. After the House rose Mr. Fisher and his commissioner, Mr. Hise, got together and sent out telegrams denouncing the circular which Premier Ross in the Ontario House said the Liberal party had fathered. But he did not withdraw Mr. Ote's circular forced on him by Mr. Tarte, from whose office it was sent and franked, and which is really more infamous than the other.

TRUMPH OF TARTE.

The most remarkable thing during the week has been the complete triumph of Tarte over Blair and the Globe. The Crow's Nest Pass syndicate wanted to get a bill through enabling them to secure for the Crow's Nest country further Railway facilities. This was opposed by the C. P. R., whose views Mr. Tarte championed. Blair, the Minister of Railways, was in favor of the Crow's Nest coal magnates. But Tarte beat him in his own committee, and the coal people were obliged to make concessions satisfactory to the C. P. R. before they could get their legislation through. The C. P. R. must get all the coal it wants and at a reasonable price. Blair has been out of town—said to be ill—but how could he be in town? To sit in that Railway Committee overridden? But Blair has received even a more stunning blow by the revelation of his misconduct and brazen misstatements in connection with the Clargue contract, to which I referred last week. He has not reappeared to try to put his railway estimates through.

THESE DECEIVING PARLIAMENTS.

On the 5th of March Tarte came to Parliament and asked \$10,000 to spend on improvements on the Seybold building to fit it for census purposes. He then stated that he was to pay a rent of \$3,500—"We have rented it for three years for \$3,500 per year." It is so in the "Revised" as well as in the "Unrevised Hansard." The committee divided on the 5th of March and he got his \$10,000 for this building. Would he have got it had he stated the rental was not \$3,500 but \$6,500. On Tuesday he could not explain this. For three years rent of the Seybold building the Government, Mr. Tarte pointed out will pay \$29,500 for which they could have paid up a building. In another case the Minister has agreed to pay \$3,000 for ten years for a building he will pay for \$12,000. Mr. Ote's speaking in a businesslike manner is an extraordinary find the Minister paying rentals of from eighteen to twenty per cent. on the amount the buildings cost.

TRANSPORTATION. Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the question of transportation, the only notable outcome of which was the suggestion that there should be a non-political commission

to deal with it. Montreal interests want Montreal made the port; Quebec, Quebec; Halifax, Halifax; St. John, St. John. Ote wants the Georgian Bay Canal built—another wants the St. Lawrence system and Port Colborne Harbor improved. No large comprehensive system can be adopted unless by a non-political commission.

In the Private Bills Committee yesterday there was an exhibition of complex indecency. A man named Davis, a contractor, had a bill he was pushing through, a water power development bill, and Fitzpatrick was speaking of the bill as "our" bill, whereupon Sir Louis Davies twitted him with being interested and wanting to exploit his position as a member of the Government. D'Arcy Scott, son of the Secretary of State, is pressing the bill through. Fitzpatrick accused Sir Louis Davies of wasting time in committee. In the House the Ministers are scrapping the whole time.

Prescott the Historian.

Thackeray begins one of his famous romances by speaking of two swords that hung upon the study wall of an American man of letters. The writer was William Prescott, and the swords had been wielded by two of his ancestors in the War of the Revolution,—one in behalf of those wished to break away from the mother country, one for England and the royal cause.

The lad with the grandfathers who fought against each other was born in the old town of Salem one hundred and four years ago. He was a child of May, his birthday being the fourth of that month; and the hopeful influence of that fairest of all seasons seemed to enter into his blood and blossom in his heart. He was ever gentle, sunny and serene; and as hard to discourage as the pink Mayflowers of his dear New England. They bloom beneath the snow; he accomplished wonderful tasks under circumstances that would have crushed almost any other man.

The awful drawback and calamity he had to fight was blindness. When he was twelve years old his father moved his family to Boston, and the little William was at that age put in a Latin school much patronized by the exclusive class to which his people belonged. He was a merry boy, fond of practical jokes, and perhaps a little spoiled by his parents and classmates. This may have had something to do with the painful accident which befel him later, and of which I will soon tell you; for a spoiled boy is apt to have secret enemies.

He was uncommonly attracted by any sort of amusement; and his biographer tells us that after visiting a circus he imitated what he had seen until the family got, that he had compelled to fire a gun, had its barrel scorching. At another time he and a companion fired pistols until they came near killing a horse in the Prescott stable. Their favorite game, called "Battles," was one of his own devising; and the boys were never happier than when rigged up in old armour and alabaster away at each other until parental caution interfered. The other thing which gave them great delight was storytelling, in which the future historian came off with distinguished honors.

Indue time he entered Harvard, and it is interesting to learn how carefully he framed a set of good resolutions by which to govern his behaviour. The making of these rules, and keeping them as well, became a sort of mania with him. As fast as he broke them he remade them; and we shall never know how much this habit had to do with forming a character that rode over obstacles as easy as a bird flies over mud-puddles. In his junior year the event happened which changed the whole course of his life. It was in the dining hall after the evening meal, Prescott was leaving the room and turned his head to witness some pranks of the other students, when a classmate threw a piece of bread at him. It hit his left eye and destroyed its sight forever. He was ill for weeks, but finally returned to his accustomed place in college, bright and

Are You Well?

Unusual question! If your digestion needs a rest—whatever else may be true—you can get it from Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Whatever else it may be—it is a vacation for stomach and partly for bowels. It feeds you a little without any work at all by the stomach. That little may be enough to set your whole body going again; for it helps you more than it feeds you. If you have not tried it send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and \$1.00 all drug stores.

cheerful, giving no sign of discouragement even if he felt any. Furthermore, he fully and freely forgave the young man who had injured him; and when there came a chance to do him a great kindness he at once availed himself of it. This is all the more strange when we consider that his assailant never expressed the least sympathy for him whose life was, in one sense, wrecked.

It would be pleasant, if there was space, to tell how he went to work to study in spite of his misfortune; how he forced his memory to make up for what he had lost, and how he graduated with distinction. He had made up his mind to go through life depending upon one eye to do the work of two; then, alas! rheumatism set in the surviving organ of vision. It never left him; when it forsook his eye it entered his limbs and made him helpless. Never was a literary man more completely chained down by his infirmities; but still his work went on.

When the disease was troubling his eye he was confined to a dark room; and he gave up society on account of its effect upon his nervous system, and lived like a hermit so far as his food was concerned. When able to endure a little light, his sister read to him many hours at a time, and he resolved to write the series of histories which God spared him to complete.

And how he studied! One whole year was given to the English and the Latin classics; then came a complete course of the language and literature of France, and later he took up Italian. When he finally decided to undertake the once famous Spanish histories which were his life's work he knew no Spanish, but he soon learned it. A new disorder attacked his eye and he spent four months in a dark room. After that he gave up making his own researches and hired secretaries, who read to him and afterward took note of his conclusions. During the reading of several hundred volumes he made his ears do the work of his eyes. It was very difficult to find a satisfactory reader, and several large volumes were read to him by a person who had mastered the pronunciation of the finest Castilian, but did not understand one word he read.

The difficulties encountered by the historian did not grow less. Except one row high in the wall, all the windows in his room were darkened; and he was obliged to burn coals in his grate instead of coal, not being able to endure daylight. Of his patience, I will only tell you that it was three years and a half after he began to study preparatory to writing "Ferdinand and Isabella" before he blocked out the first chapter. He used a writing instrument intended for the blind; for he always feared the total loss of his sight. With this he became very skilful, but even without it his courage was such that he would have found some other way. When we realize that to his especial infirmity was added ever-present and severe rheumatism, we must admit that in the history of literature there is no instance of such a triumph over disheartening circumstances. For more than forty years the struggle lasted, and the long row of books of which he was the author—not all them free from error or prejudice, it is true—testify to his heroism.

He did not like to work, and still he toiled like a galley-slave. He loved nature and still he could not look upon the sky. But his brave life left behind it a lesson for us all.—Flora L. Stanfield, in the Ave Maria.

This is for people who write to Editors.

"The Listener," in the Boston Transcript, had a little essay the other day on bad handwriting. We think it good enough to pass along:—"A well-known author recently took occasion to write a letter to a New York daily explaining that in an article by him published the previous day the word 'rate' appeared by a typographical error as 'bate.' Ten to one it was not a typographical error—yes, one hundred to one! Compositors and proof-readers are mortal and fallible. They have enough sins on their souls to give them many a jar as they ride over the Styx, but such an error as this writer complained of is almost invariably his own fault. Oh, the woes caused by bad or, rather careless, slovenly handwriting! The culprits are not ignorant; if they were, they might be pardoned. Their intelligence is their condemnation. Almost every one has his own peculiar defects in framing letters with the pen. 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